# National Anti-Slavery Standard

SIDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

Without Concealment....Without Compromise.

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## Selections.

### STEAMSHIPS TO AFRICA.

REPORT OF THE NAVAL COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE IN FAVOR OF THE PROJECT.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, APRIL 1, 1850.

Mr. F. P. Stanton, of Tenn., from the Committee on Naval Affairs, made the following Report, which was committed and ordered to be printed:

The Committee on Naval Affairs, to whom was referred the memorial of Joseph Bryan, of Alabama, for himself and his associates, George Nicholas Sanders and others, praying the establishment of a line of steamships of four war steamers, for the coast of Africa, designed to promote the colonization of the persons of color, to suppress the African Slave Trade, to carry the mails, and to extend the commerce of the United States, beg leave to submit the following Report:

The proposition of the memorial involves an extension of that system, recently commenced by Congress, which has for its object the creation of a powerful steam navy, to be used in time of peace in carrying the mails, and in effecting great public objects, not to be attained by private enterprise without the aid of Congress. How far it may be desirable to engage this navy, will be a question for the grave consideration of the present condition of our naval force, and the importance and feasibility of the object to be accomplished by the proposed line. At the first of these, the Committee will present a brief statement of the facts material to a correct understanding of the comparative extent of our present steam navy.

In the report of Mr. Secretary Bancroft, made to the Senate on the 29th of March, 1846, the total effective steam navy of Great Britain was stated at that time, to consist of one hundred and ninety-nine vessels, of all classes; that of France numbered fifty-four; that of Russia, without the Caspian fleet, thirty-two; while the steam navy of the United States could boast of but six small vessels, and one in process of building. Since that time one was for harbor defence, and another a steam tug.

Since that time, however, Congress has provided for the building of four war steamers, and for the establishment of several lines of steamships engaged in carrying the mails, consisting of seventeen large vessels, suitable for war purposes, and at all times liable to be taken for the public service. Of these latter, nine will run between New York and European ports; five between New York and Chagres; and three between Panama and San Francisco.

Notwithstanding this increase in our force, it has by no means kept pace with that of other great commercial powers. The British navy, which did six months since consist of one hundred and ninety-nine vessels, of all classes; that of France numbered fifty-four; that of Russia, without the Caspian fleet, thirty-two; while the steam navy of the United States could boast of but six small vessels, and one in process of building. Since that time one was for harbor defence, and another a steam tug.

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Notwithstanding this increase in our force, it has by no means kept pace with that of other great commercial powers. The British navy, which did consist at the present year estimates the steam navy of France at sixty four steam vessels of war, besides a reserved force of fifty-four steamers, and forty-six first-class corvettes and six small vessels nearly ready. The French Government has also under contract for the conveyance of the mail and in establishing lines of steamers, built so as to be easily converted into ships of war, to be employed in commerce and in peace, but ready at all times to lend all these subject to the requisition of the Government.

England, also, has added largely to her steam navy, and has increased her lines of mail steamers—giving evidence that she, at least, considers this the best and cheapest mode of providing in time of peace for the efficiency of her navy. In this report the Committee refer to the following facts, for which they are indebted to the remarks of the Hon. T. Butler King, of Georgia, made in the House of Representatives, Feb. 19, 1848:

By act of Parliament, 7 William IV. chap. 3, all previous contracts entered into by the Government with the steam vessels were transferred to the Admiralty. In the year 1839, the idea was conceived that the vast expenditures required in naval armaments might be made subservient to the purposes of commerce to time of peace. Accordingly, a contract was entered into with Mr. Cunard and his associates, for the transportation of the mail from Liverpool, via Halifax, to Boston, in five steamers of the first class, for £85,000, or about $425,000 per annum, it was required of the contractors to build under the supervision of the Admiralty, should be inspected on being received into the service, and certified by the Admiralty as capable of being converted into ships of war, and of carrying ordinance of the heaviest description.

Various stipulations were entered into in this and other contracts—that is, as to intents and purposes, as a part of the mercantile and military marine of the country.

In 1846, the Government enlarged the contract with Mr. Cunard, and others, by adding four ships to run from Liverpool to New York, and increased the compensation to £145,000, or about $725,000, per annum.

In the year 1840, a contract was made by the Admiralty with the Royal Mail Steamship Company, at £240,000 sterling, or about $1,200,000, per annum, for fourteen steamers to carry the mails from Southampton to the West Indies, the ports of Mexico on the Gulf, and to New-Orleans. Within this time, it was required that two of these should be built under the supervision of the Admiralty, should be inspected on being received into the service, and certified by the Admiralty

governing them better than they can govern themselves? It is the proposition to dismember their territory and to subvert their Constitution. They are a mingled population—a population, marked by characteristics which have resulted from the extraordinary system of colonization and of government maintained by Old Spain in her provinces—which peculiarly different from our own, and marked by very different results in its influences upon the people. The settlement of the country has not proceeded altogether from a thirst for gold, and nothing else. The government which Spain exercised over the colonies was the government of a military body, authority, exercised for the purpose solely of depriving the utmost possible profit from her colonies. The extinction of these Spanish States was also not an ardent thirst, not for gold, but for liberty; and the consequences which resulted are seen in the widely different character of the two populations. The people of the United States have grown up by slow degrees. It was one hundred and twenty years after the first attempt at colonization by the Anglo Saxons before any form of well-established institutions were found on this continent. The career of the Spaniards, on the other hand, was more brilliant and successful. The whole of the Spanish portion of this continent rose into viceroyalties, which were filled with wealth, and splendor, and luxury.

But after the lapse of another hundred years, we see that the Anglo-Saxon power has gone on steadily increasing, until it has converted the whole or a large portion of the northern part of our continent by subjugation, while the Spanish portion is decaying and declining, and falls an easy prey to conquest. The Anglo-Saxon colonization of the country by inhabitants of these countries out of its sympathy, and it left them barbarous and savage, and they remained so. It is a peculiar influence of the religion which the colonists of Spain carried into her new territories operated successfully in winning the Indians to Christianity and to partial civilization; and we have, therefore, this extraordinary fact, that while we exclude Indians or aborigines from the possession of liberty and the rights of citizens in our own States and in our own country, we have conquered the aborigines in Spanish portions of the continent for the purpose of making them citizens, and have extended to them the rights of citizens. So, Sir, the population of New Mexico consists of some two thousand people of the European race, and chiefly Anglo-Saxons, living on the south bank and of the Creoles, or the descendants of the Spanish colonists, and sixty-thousand Indians, more or less mixed with blood, but civilized and Christianized.

My motion, sir, is to bring this extraordinary and peculiar population into the United States as a State of this Union; and it is a question of vital importance to stand, and stand so long as grace and strength are given me to stand for anything. But, sir, if the question were now whether this people should be invited to a share in the Government of this Union, I should answer no. If the question was whether the Public Treasury should pour forth its millions to bring this population into this Union as a State, I should say no. Still more, if the proposition were to conquer this people, to bring them into the Union, I should resist to the last. I have done everything to have all gone by. You have bought, you have conquered, and you have stipulated to bring them in, not as Territories, as Provinces, but as States. You cannot do this except you give them the power of a State—the privileges and prerogatives of a State. They are, according to all histories and all travellers, an inoffensive, timorous and docile people. They are, in many of these respects, very different from the population of the United States. The question now is, not whether they shall be governed by us, but what the form of Government that is to be exercised over them. That is the only question. You can secure to them the same rights of citizenship, the rights of property, and protection of their territory effectually, in no other way but by giving them the Constitution of a State. This bill bases upon its face—the whole debate betrays—the truth of this proposition. Sir, New Mexico is obliterated from the memory of the best men of the country. Why, it is a name no longer to be announced here; it is a name no longer to be spoken; and the Territory of New Mexico is now spoken of, not as a State, but as a vacant territory of the United States. But New Mexico has just exactly the same rights, in coming into the Union, that Texas had when it annexed by conquest and Texas by treaty; but Texas was admitted into the Union by treaty as a State, and New Mexico was admitted into the Union by treaty to be converted into a State. There is, then, only one question arising out of this subject; and that is whether it is necessary for the protection of the people of New Mexico that they should be made the interests of New Mexico. There is no question in dispute between the people of New Mexico and Texas. The Government of the United States is now engaged in providing for the settlement of that boundary. Texas is a State, and is represented here, and she is invited to appoint Commissioners, as an equal of the United States, to settle that question of boundary. New Mexico, the equal of Texas in right, in justice, in position, and in everything except the fact that you have not given her the right. No State Government you have engaged to give, is unrepresented before you and among you and for that reason alone. She is unrepresented in this hall—she is unrepresented in either Chamber of Congress. Her voice is not heard in the election of a Chief Magistrate; she has no Representative; and yet you are entertaining the question of the establishment of a her territory, and the subjugation of a great part of it to Texas, without even giving to New Mexico a hearing. You will refuse a representation to New Mexico in as a State, and let her be heard in this debate. Let us hear her wrongs; let us hear the cry of her grievances. I have no doubt that it will be as eloquent—I am sure it will be as just—as the expositions of the rights of Texas which we hear every day. Give New Mexico here, then, before you decide upon her fate. Give her a hearing. "Strike," if you will, but "hear."

If you bring in New Mexico as a State, as she is entitled to come, you have then a security that justice will be done by your Commissioners. You can amend your bill by allowing her a Commissioner, in equal to the Commissioners of Texas, then the United States will stand equal and impartial between these two contestants—these two interests. We will refer to the people, conceived in justice, like this: Admit New Mexico, and then you can pass this bill without denying to New Mexico the justice which you are willing to award to Texas. But, sir, bring New Mexico into the United States, and you will have removed all difficulties in the way of settling this question judicially. The Constitution and laws provide for the settlement of this question, and provide for the settlement of it by law without the interposition of the military arm of the State. Texas will find a responsible tribunal she chooses to file a bill in the Supreme Court of the United States to assert her claim to that Territory, New Mexico will go before that tribunal, and will stand in an attitude very different from that which she maintains here. Here the laws of the land will not be her as an equal, and there she will be equal, and each as equal to the United States. Her Representative, appointed by herself, has in vain sought admission to the House of Representatives. With the fact before you, known to you, known to the world, acknowledged in this very debate this day that a people of 60,000 souls, who, on their way here with their Constitution, by two Senators and a Representative, to lay their rights and wrongs before you, you refuse to wait. You are consuming all the hours of this day every day—you are postponing their arrival, in order so he able to say to New Mexico that the door was shut before she arrived. This, sir, is the justice and the magnanimity of the United States of America. This the magnanimity which is shown to a conquered and a helpless and harmless people! Sir, this is not in the history of the Roman Empire an ambition for aggrandizement so marked as that which has distinguished the career of the American people. There is not in Roman history a transaction so unjust as this. What is the reason—what is the policy of such unmanly hate—such unmanly fear?

The question we are upon is not with New Mexico: it does not concern New Mexico. New Mexico is a stranger to it. The question before us, which has engaged us from the commencement of the session until now, and which threatens to engage us to the end of the session, is the admission of New Mexico, or the settlement of the boundaries of New Mexico, but the right of California to be admitted into the Union. Detach this question from both, and leave the measure to stand upon its own merits, and leave the bill to contain only the measures which are necessary, and you will afford New Mexico the time to arrive here, and to give her a hearing; and if then you pronounce against her, she must submit, because from that decision there is no appeal. Well, sir, what apology can be offered for this violation of the rights of New Mexico? It is said that we are to preserve peace, sir. How is peace to be preserved by the exclusion of New Mexico from the Union? Is there a living magic in peace? Is world that you have refused to admit her to a participation in this Commission and determined to reject her from institution. Is there no danger in delay and then, after a lapse of a year, or two or three years, that Commission comes back, bringing with it the seeds of discord, which will spring with this increased excitement consequent upon agitation throughout this broad land—agitation increased by the delay which you expect to make peace in this way, in my judgment.

"Stem the stream with sand,
And bind the flame with fiaxen band."

There will be no peace, unless a hearing is given to New Mexico.

I know, sir, that the Constitution of New Mexico is not the Constitution which I think there is enough that she has a Constitution, a Constitution of her own choice, that fact is known: and my recommendation for postponing the adoption of the Constitution by official authority, in an official and conclusive way. It provides for the admission of New Mexico, when the Constitution shall be offered here and filed in the Department of State, by a proclamation to that effect issued by the President of the United States. But I think there were elements of the Constitution of New Mexico historically and although it would be more regular to have the Constitution presented here for examination, even if the question must be whether New Mexico shall be admitted now or never, then I say she is entitled to be admitted conditionally, upon her Constitution being presented.

Now, sir, it is due to myself to say that while I present this claim in behalf of New Mexico, it is not by request or with the knowledge of the Executive into this bill of Compromise. Even with the admission of New Mexico, under the circumstances, the bill would be objectionable in many respects; and when I have opposed the bill, and I should still oppose it. But if the bill is to pass, then I ask that it may pass with the same provisions and grants and rights to the people of New Mexico, otherwise so sure to be lost. It will be seen that I do not ask you to define or even admit by legislation the boundaries of Texas. I have left them in her Constitution. I do not desire to prescribe boundaries for New Mexico. I have drawn no amendment to the bill, which I mean to offer on the execution of the design of the Senator from Maine (Mr. Bradbury) in regard to the whole controversy, which I have not seen. But I mean to say that if New Mexico to be protected by it as I have proposed. If the bill shall, on the other hand, be lost altogether, then the Senator from Maine has lost nothing by the effort made by me in her behalf.

Mr. Pratt—I desire to say a word, sir, as to what is conceive to be the most extraordinary proposition ever submitted to this body. I apprehend that such a proposition would not have emanated from any quarter of the United States, but from Maine. I shall, in any event, vote against that proposition. But if it must pass in the form suggested by the amendment, which I want

the very marrow of our bones, and we even roll it like a sweet morsel under our tongues. A new mess of it has cooked up, beside which Olla Podrida, Salmagundi and Pot Pourri looked simple and savory. But General Taylor turned from none at it, and gave evident expression of his disgust at the filthy concoction: and all interested in its success, from the *chef de cuisine* to the meanest scullion, trembled and hated him. We think he had not learned his trade of President well, and that he was properly punished for not having put on a Slaveholder; but we cannot but, so far, respect the rough simplicity of his natural tastes. But his demise has not, thus far, been blessed as our Divine, and his numerous pariah for and wide, had hoped.

Still, it is too soon to sing praises, as after victory. It will be a strange seeming thing, indeed, in the history of our country if it be not yet snatched away from us.

Let us remember the rejection of Texas, and how soon afterwards she was smuggled into the family when we thought it had been fairly and finally cast out of doors. It will not do to underralue the sagacity and the political tact of the slaveholders. They have been brought up to the trade of governing us, and they are too completely masters of it in the end to allow a bungler job because the first experiment has failed They will succeed yet in all the material parts of their design, if they are not very different men from their former selves and fellow-citizens before them. They will probably get all they want before the end of the session, but, certainly, as soon as it comes together again, they have only to go home and trick out the hobgoblin of Disunion again, and they will have all the merchants and manufacturers on their side, howling that they will be good, if that grisly spectre, made up of the old pumpkin, with a farthing candle inside, can but be removed out of their sight. They have not yet had enough of Southern domination. They yet long for a still lengthening line of Slaveholding Presidents. They are not yet satisfied with the interference of their natural enemies with what they esteem their own interests. The gentlemen who thought it "too late" to oppose the final Annexation of Texas, that such opposition "would be attended with bad consequences," are not satisfied with the upsetting of their beloved Tariff by the votes of the two Texan Senators (O, rare political Justice!), but are for strengthening Mr. Webster's hands to create more Slave votes for their further subjugation.

We do not think, therefore, that the substance of the Compromise—to wit, the granting to Slavery all the new territory which can be convenient for her purposes, and the payment of a round sum to Texas for relinquishing her title to what never belonged to her, and for which she should have never had a cent—is to be despaired of. It will come in due time, yet; probably, in a short time. That the South will forego the necessary amount of bullying, or that the North will fall to stomach, is not to be thought of. We shall see very pretty bucking and filling yet. But what we are awaiting this spectacle, it cannot be denied that the state of things at Washington is of a highly gratifying and encouraging nature. The Abolitionists have done, Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster being witnesses, what no other body of men have ever done before, or since there was a Congress. They have made it a virtuous and useful body! They have turned that logocracy into a Grand National Anti-Slavery Debating Society. For the Slaveholders know, and tell us, that to defend Slavery is a high and lofty work. Silence and Darkness are the only elements for such a business. But Logic and Speech are the most powerful exorcisms that can be brought to bear against it. For the first time since Congress was, its members have earned their *per diem*. No scandal has undergone them in their daily allowance, or would were it twice as much. The Abolitionists have beaten their "rub-a-dub," as Mr. Webster calls it, to some purpose. They have played the Devil's *tattoo* for Mr. Clay, and the Rogue's March which has drummed the Fugitive Slave Law Legislative Company Chesterfield said of Pulteney that he was "a high insignificance and a Peerage;" so, thanks to the Abolitionists, Mr. Webster has sneaked from the Senate Chamber to the Department of State.

The Abolitionists have sometimes been accused of boasting themselves of the good magnifying their effects beyond measure. But these charges can no more now be urged against them. Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay, to say nothing of the "*Patrioti minorum gentium*," have set that matter forever at rest, and put it beyond the possibility of future adventure. It is the Abolitionists, and they only, that have created the whole excitement in the North, from which all the mischief springs. It is their incessant agitation that has stirred up the ill will which looks at the relation of master and slave from the under-point of view, which is not true, and very creditable to the observation and the conduct of those most honorable gentleman. But there is a serious appendix to this information, less creditable to their sagacity; and that is, that they profess to believe that the passage of the Compromise Bill would quiet these perturbed spirits, and restore the good old days of pro-slavery tranquility that reigned twenty years ago! Mr. Clay really seems to think that the deglutition of his panacea of the many simples would work a miraculous cure in the body politic, and restore it, if not to health, at least to the strength and vigor it formerly rejoiced that anything ailed it. He refers to the calm which followed the Missouri Compromise, and anticipates a renewal of those halcyon days. But he forgets that the very element of which he and his compeer complain is the life-blood of Abolitionism.

An organized Movement, resting on the absolute, radical and incurable wickedness of Slavery, appealing to the religious and humane elements of human nature, has made all the difference in the permanence and growing intensity of the Anti-Slavery agitation. Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster may be sure this will not be put out by filling its odorous lamp with the very oil that feeds its light. The proposition is so absurd, that it hardly seems serious. It would seem to smack of senility were it not somewhat too full of vinegar for addled headed wickedness. Were it agitation only that was cared for, we should regret the rejection of the Compromise. But we do not wish evil to be done that good may come of it. And, be it as it may, we can assure those abhorrers of agitation that they will never cease to be disturbed, and die at once, if they expect to see the beatific day when there shall be no more Anti-Slavery Agitation in the land. There must be no more Slavery, first.

E. Q.

## MOB IN COLUMBUS, OHIO.

We copy from the last No. of the *North Star* an account of a recent disgraceful and atrocious mob at a meeting held by Frederick Douglass, in Columbus, Ohio. It is written, as will be observed, by Mr. Douglass himself. The very presence of this man, the most distinguished of the colored race in this country, and especially distinguished for his great power as an orator, seems to be an indignity not to be borne by our democratic sovereigns; it is a reproach to a slaveholding people which makes them cry out in their madness:

I have just escaped the fury of an uncivilized mob, in Columbus, the Capital of the State of Ohio. A week ago, I accepted an invitation of several colored friends to lecture on the subject of slavery on my return from Cincinnati, where I had just held a successful series of meetings.

I arrived in Columbus, from Cincinnati, on Friday, July 12th. In consequence of indisposition, I was unable to speak until Monday afternoon and evening. My friends had secured, without difficulty, the use of the Senate Chamber of the State House for the meeting; and, judging from this indirection of liberal feeling, I had little apprehension that I should be subjected to the violence of an incensed and murderous mob. But supposing the common metropolis of Ohio, I have not lately encountered. A week before I came to Columbus, a patriotic citizen (whose name will perhaps hereafter appear) was hemri to declare his intention to get up a mob, if it cost him all he was worth in the world, and ten years in the State prison besides; and the result shows that he has not proved false to his diabolical vow. As these mobs are striking indications of the public mind, and serve very well to illustrate the nature of American freedom and civilization, I deem it proper to put them on record, at the expense of variety.

My first meeting, as I have already remarked, was held in the Senate Chamber, on Monday afternoon. It was attended by a large concourse of persons, and all appeared to listen to my speech with a lively interest although I spoke strongly—as I feel strongly—in accordance with the views of the Governor and the Union. Strong, however, as were the expressions used by me, they were too true to answer the purpose of getting up a mob against the parties desiring to get up one had therefore first to get up a lie, and tell it extensively, before they could arouse the ignorance against the laws and, disgrace the city. The LIE was not a far-fetched, or very poor one—nothing too contemptible and absurd to repel, yet, considering that it produced the desired effect, I suppose I ought to chronicle it for the benefit of posterity. The lie is, then, just in the shape it went round the city, into groggeries, and law offices, and other haunts of slumbering patriotism—"That a negro lecturer had the parties desired by the *Framers of the Constitution as cowards*!" Of course I did not say this, for I do not even believed I did say so, and they attacked so much importance to what they believed me guilty of saying, that they thought it necessary to come in force, and to show their colors. Their fathers were not cowards, they proved themselves ruffians.

The evening meeting, like the one in the afternoon, was very well attended. The lower part of the house was crowded to overflowing, and a large body of the audience was composed of the most intelligent and humane people in the metropolis. On entering, I felt impressed by the imposing presence. A sea of faces covered that a number of the "baser sort"—the "scum of society"—had secured admission to the gallery of the Senate Chamber, and were quite prepared to defend the *honor, dignity and patriotism* of their forefathers, by any amount of *noise, profanity and indecency* which the ruffinnan depravity could suggest. I was accompanied to the meeting by Rev. Mr. Gurley. I was announced, he made a few remarks During his address, the clamor, hissing, stamping, and vulgar exclamations, became almost insupportable. It was with great difficulty that he was heard by those nearest to the platform. In the midst of these uproarious proceedings, upon entering, I felt impressed by the imposing presence. A sea of faces covered that a number of the "baser sort"—the "scum of society"—had secured admission to the gallery of the Senate Chamber, and were quite prepared to defend the *honor, dignity and patriotism* of their forefathers, by any amount of *noise, profanity and indecency* which the ruffinnan depravity could suggest. I was accompanied to the meeting by Rev. Mr. Gurley. I was announced, he made a few remarks During his address, the clamor, hissing, stamping, and vulgar exclamations, became almost insupportable. It was with great difficulty that he was heard by those nearest to the platform. In the midst of these uproarious proceedings, upon entering, I felt impressed by the imposing presence. A sea of faces covered the hall, and naked to be heard. It was Auditor of State, Quite a number of ladies were present, and I was in an eloquent and manly strain for about ten minutes —remonstrating against their illegal, criminal, and disgraceful conduct, when the mayor of the city came from their noble conduct, and to allow the meeting to proceed in peace. But he was all of no effect. They came for a different purpose—to mob Frederick Douglass; and that purpose must be executed at all hazards.

Finding that the disturbers continued the uproar, and were determined to preserve in their unlawful course, Mr. Wood and another gentleman (whose name I do not remember) went into the gallery with a view to remonstrate with the rioters, and, if possible, quiet their clamor. Their remonstrance

## Poetry.

### FROM "IN MEMORIAM."
BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

One writes that "other friends remain,"
That "loss is common to the race,"
And common is the common place,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening but some heart did break.

O father, wherso'er thou be,
That pledgest now thy gallant son;
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
Hath stilled the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor—while thy head is bowed,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought
At last but hour to please him well;
Who mused on all I had to tell,
And something written, something thought.

Expecting still his advent home;
And ever met him on his way
With wishes, thinking, here to-day,
Or here to-morrow will he come.

O! somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,
That sittest ranging golden hair;
And glad to find thyself so fair,
Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows
In expectation of a guest;
And thinking "this will please him best,"
She takes a ribad or a rose;

For he will see them on to night;
And with the thought her color burns;
And, having left the gate, returns,
Once more to set a rioglet right;

And, even when she turned, the curse
Had fallen, and her future Lord
Was drowned in passing through the ford,
Or killed in falling from his horse.

O, what to her shall be the end?
And what to me remains of good?
To her perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me no second friend!

Witch-elms that counterchange the floor
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright;
And though with all thy breadth and height
Of foliage, towering sycamore.

How often, hither wandering down,
My Arthur found your shadows fair,
And shook to all the liberal air,
The dust, and din, and steam of town.

He brought an eye for all he saw;
He mixt in all our simple sports;
They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts
And dusky purlieus of the law.

O joy to him in this retreat,
Immantled in ambrosial dark,
To drink the cooler air, and mark
The landscape winking through the heat.

O sound to rout the brood of cares,
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
The gust that round the garden flies,
And tumbled half the mellowing pears.

O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and eye were fed
To hear him, as he lay and rest
The Tuscan poet on the lawn.

Or in the all-golden afternoon
A guest, or happy sister, sung,
Or here she brought the harp and flung
A ballad to the brightening moon:

Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,
Beyond the bounding hill to stray,
And twine the living arms about
Of him we shared with all and sung
The songs he loved that suited well
A bard so battled by the winds,
Brushed by the slanting hail and rain;
So tender over violets dead,
That, wearied with a life of care,
He might have preached his own last dirge,
Interpreted the homely wish
Of sleep and passage hence to rest
Just in the flowering time of year,
And all in peace from all but fear
He moved as light as carrier bird
Fresh from the darkness and the storm.

Free hope with all the vales below
And all the pastures dappled fair,
The bounding hills, the tossing trees,
And all the singing hours of June.

Witness our Lord, for when he knew
The hope I had to stand by him,
How glad he was, and how I thought
The blissful chance would fall to me.

## Miscellany.

### THE TOMB OF PETRARCH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THE CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.

"They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died,"

WHAT is usually termed Italian scenery, ceases at the south wall built by Napoleon, on the Brenner, "a not mean to say that beautiful landscapes are not to be found to the north of these mountains, for I always took pleasure in admiration on the plains of Bologna and the hills which surround it. although I confess that a mountain chain to the south always produces a disagreeable impression on my mind. Verona. with its green' eminences with its noble streams washing in vast curves through a deep bed. in seeming joy at being released from the fruitfulness of the mountains, with its far-spreading plain, with the majestic horizon of the Alps, bears the palm over a hundred other cities. But a great portion of Romagna and of Lombardy is not Italy: the northern districts, with their lakes and Alpine land, although with a warmer glow than the more distant and eastern districts, resemble parts of Southern Germany. This strike me particularly in the neighborhood of Ferrara, and in a part of the Duchy of Modena. where you see on every direction immense plains or pasturages, monotonous ditches and dams. villages, of whose existence you are not aware until quite near them, and which give no more glimpse of the receding chain of mountains, ravines, olive trees or cypresses but in their place, the vegetation of the north, and long avenues of grey willows. The mulberry tree and the flat roof of the dwelling houses. the dark eye of the peasant. and the blue heavens alone remind you that you are still in Italy. This is why we look with so much pleasure on the Euganean hills. whose green heights seem to be the last boundary placed by Nature in the monotonous plain.

On coming from Rovigo, you cross the Adige. reach Monselice. and find yourself at the foot of these hills. Monselice stands in a most delightful situation, crowned by a picturesque castle. once a strong fortress. for this was a place of great military importance at the time when the Scala, the Carrara, the Este and the Gonzaga, and, slightly more than these, the Republic of Venice, struggled for dominion in the district to the south of the Po.

A road immediately behind Monselice leads to the hills, and in an hour's time you reach ARQUA.

It is worthy of remark that the recollections attached to the name of Petrarch have a peculiarly profound and more lasting in those quiet and secluded spots to which they alone give celebrity. than in the cities to which they belong. For in these rapidly effaced by the constant fluctuation of men and events. This. the retirement of Vaucluse. on the sunny stream of the Sorgue, preserves the memory of the poet as the most brilliant and beautiful spot of his life, when that Laura whom he sung and who remains a mystery to posterity, chained him to Avignon. to which he constantly returned with a love he hated that Babel of the West; as well as of that period when he sought to calm his passions by absence. but learned. from experience. that absence only increased it. But in Arqua. we find the traces of his latter days. when the dreams and illusions of youth had vanished. when illness had shaken his frame, and he may have felt that he had sacrificed too much at the world's shrine. and longed only for repose and the emotions of friendship.

It is in the year 1348. the year of the great plague and of the death of Madonna Laura. that we find Petrarch for the first time at the court of the Lords of Carrara. in the city of Padua. This family had inhabited Carrara for two centuries; their reign had commenced but three years previous. The virtues, which, contrary to the history of the despots of other races in Italy, had paved their way to power, shine yet more brightly when once he had become the bloody stain of Ecelino da Romano. Padua, with its iron yoke Padua, Vicenza, Verona and the Trevisan March long groaned. Their fame, it is true, did not remain unmarked by blood, almost all the male princes. the Carrarans stained their name with breach of faith and murder. Still, the brilliant qualities of many of them, their courage and their high intellect, their almost unexampled fortitude in misfortune, with the beneficial effects of their government. may in some degree atone for their crimes.

Jacopo da Carrara reigned at this period. He had obtained power by the murder of a near relative, and lost it again by the hand of his relations. How often was this the case in the petty courts of Italy, particularly among the Visconti and the Scaligeri. If we could not admire the Carrarans as unstrotelly from the age in which he lived, we should be more astonished than we are at the praise he lavishes on the man.

"Padua," he writes to a friend. "offers us a peaceful and agreeable residence. How delightful to live with Jacopo Carrara, under whose reign this city is fast recovering from the evils which formerly done there. He is the most virtuous of men. Virtue. always lovely. is doubly so in our age: the rarity of it's beauty enhances it.

Two years afterwards Jacopo was no more. A natural son of one of the Carrara, whose mode of life had given rise to considerable scandal, put him and his several other persons. He suddenly rose, approached the Prince under the pretext of having a request to make, and, finding him not sufficiently him with his dagger. He then threw himself on the dying man in order to suck his blood. when the other guests, who were at first struck dumb with terror, headed by Petrarch, had seized the murderer. It was while sitting by the grave of Jacopo in the church of Sant'Augustine, that Petrarch wrote the epistle to the Senate on it. He returned to Padua in 1368. Francesco Carrara. who had governed since the death of his father, inherited his reverence for Petrarch. "When I reached the city of Padua, whose good qualities are still greater, being delighted at the idea of seeing me once more, he came to the gates to meet me. The night and rain obliged him to hasten home, but he left several of his friends near me to accompany me. He lavished a thousand proofs of his affection and regard on me, for he not only sent a servant with provisions to meet me. but was at supper, came himself, with some of his retinue. and we enjoyed the most agreeable conversation till it was time to retire to rest." Francesco Carrara himself a poet, was remarkably enlightened with regard to the arts and sciences. The presence of such a man as Petrarch, whose fame was unrivalled by any of his cotemporaries. who was constantly offered office, who was sought by princes, whose medication was often requested in important political affairs, even though his rather artificial and elaborate eloquence did not always answer the expectations it had excited. the presence of such a man must have been satisfactory and flattering to the citizens of the city of Padua, then already celebrated for its university. This university was at that time most prosperous, and the Pope had just granted it the right to confer the grade of Doctor of Theology, a privilege which had before been limited to the University of Paris. Petrarch had also been invited to have had shared in Italy. The city had flourished under the blessings of peace and a mild government: the family of Carrara adorned it with various noble edifices, and its present sombre, but majestic aspect, and noble works of art, enable us to imagine what it must have been at a more active and stirring period.

Padua and its neighborhood were destined to be the peaceful abode of Petrarch's last years, and health was impaired. When Pope Urban V., listening not only to the entreaties of Italy, but of all Christendom, left Avignon, so long occupied by the Holy See, to return to Rome. he sent for Petrarch, who for many years had mourned the widowhood of the Eternal City, and had in many petitions conjured the Popes to do their duty in their presence the city " which Peter had chosen for his seat, and with which the most glorious recollections of the Pontificate were entwined." Accordingly he took leave of set off to see what he had so long and anxiously desired. But he had not proceeded farther than Ferrara, when his relations Francesco and Marsilio, were able to continue his journey on horseback, he was obliged to relinquish his purpose and return to Padua by water. He had left Arqua in October, he had, although still in sound health of body and mind, made his will with his own hand. He there named the place where he wished to be interred, and bequeathed to the Cathedral of Padua, in which he possessed a benefice, a small farm, or the sum of 200 ducats for the purchase of one, exacting that mass should be said every year on the anniversary of his death.

He left to his friend, Francesco Carrara. as a proof of his affection, a picture of the Virgin, painted by Giotto, "the beauty of which is not understood by the ignorant (in art), but admired by those capable of judging." He made bequests to several of his friends, his lute, his golden goblet, etc., and fifty florins of gold to his beloved Giovanni Boccaccio, for a rich winter dress, "in order that he may attend to his studies at night as well as by day." But he named his son-in-law, Francesco da Brossano, a citizen of Milan, his universal heir, leaving one half his property to him, the other half to his daughter Francesca.

He deemed that a small dwelling he possessed at Vaucluse should be sold for the benefit of the hospital of that town. Thus far Petrarch made his will in the presence of Lombardo della Seta, Boccaccio, "a will which would have been very different," says he, "were I rich as the vulgar suppose." This was dated 4th July, 1370. Several days later he remained to him. and he passed most of them in Arqua. The quiet of this spot, as well as the smiling landscape by which it was surrounded, must have been grateful to a man who had been so much tossed on the sea of life. The surrounding hills are rich in the varied productions of nature.

When. on leaving Padua, you proceed by the fine road which runs along the banks of the canal of Battaglia, you arrive on the slope of these hills the magnificent residence of the Duke of Modena. Obtain. half hills. half castle, built in the middle of the 16th century by Pio degli Obizzi, the head of an old and wealthy family. who caused hills to be levelled, terraces raised. brooks made to flow in that direction. and a large park planted. while the architect, taking advantage of the undulations of the ground, created an agreeable diversity in the form of the building. Rich collections, among which is one of antiquities, were made by this gallant nobleman. Like Petrarch, he was fond of the study of nature, and founded in connection with the warm springs of the neighboring mountains. the Botanic Garden of Padua. Its mountains, the Euganean Hills. still more celebrated as the baths of Albano. which were highly esteemed by the Romans and were sung by Horace and Martial. Among the latter was the birth-place of the Argonaut poet, Valerius Flaccus. and, as many think. of Livy. and where, during the middle ages, Pietro d'Abano, who was persecuted as a sorcerer, united the sciences of medicine and astrology to a knowledge of the profoundest secrets of magic. The Euganean Hills, however, are more mountain-like than the Colli, the first of which is 18,000 feet above the level of the sea. and is intersected by deep valleys and winding ravines, with bare or green slopes, with lakes and openings, which give views of former convulsions caused both by fire and water.

It was in this cheerful neighborhood that Petrarch took up his residence during the last five days. The dwellings of Arqua lie scattered in groups on uneven ground; the house of the poet is in the upper part of the village. "Here I live," he writes to Lelius Genua hills," writes he to Matten Longa, " I have built a house, which although small, is suitable and sufficiently neat. Here I have a few books and my time is divided between them and my garden. Here I may yet be spared to me. peacefully and with feelings of unceasing affection for my absent or departed friends." And in his Secret Dialogues, the pious monk of Montrieu he says: 'In order not to be too far distant from my Cathedral of Padua, I have built myself a house at short theatrical house, amidst the hills, not ten miles from the city. It is surrounded by shade and vineyards, which, though not extensive, supply the wants of my frugal household. Although of very bodily pain, I enjoy perfect health. I live without hostile, disputes, or care, constantly employed in reading or writing, praising God alike for the pain and for the pleasure which he sends me, finding in a peaceful end as well as for mercy and forgiveness for the sins of my youth." But he did not spend his days in idleness. Among the books, the friends